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THE SAVIOR'S TEACHINGS
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
BIBLE STUDIES

A LEGION OF DEMONS.

Mark iv, 35; v, 20—Aug. 11.

"God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear, though the earth be changed, and though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea."—Psalm xlvi, 1, 2.

THE forepart of today's study is an account of a very severe wind storm on the Sea of Galilee. Jesus, tired from His teaching and healing, in which vitality went out of Him for the relief of the people, had gotten into one of the boats formerly used by some of His disciples in the fishing business and still owned by them. The purpose was to cross the lake for a season of rest. The Master was soon fast asleep. Suddenly a terrific storm set in which appalled even those accustomed to such scenes. They came to Jesus and aroused Him, saying, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" and He rebuked the wind, saying, "Peace, be still." And immediately "there was a great calm."

The text at the head of this study draws to our attention another storm. It pictures the great storm of trouble which in the close of this Age will suddenly burst upon the whole world of mankind and in which "Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots," "like a great millstone will be cast into the midst of the sea." This same "time of trouble," in some Scriptures, is spoken of as a "whirlwind," the result of letting loose "the four winds of heaven," that will be held until that time.—Revelation xvii, 5; xviii, 21; Jeremiah xxv, 32; Revelation vii, 1.

The storm at sea.

Again, this trouble is symbolized by a "fire," which will burn not only the earth (symbolical of organized society), but also the heavens (symbolical of ecclesiasticism). This symbolical fire, this great anarchistic blaze, will leave present institutions in "ashes." Upon the ruins, the ashes, of the blasted hopes and ambitions of society, political, scientific and religious, will arise the glorious Kingdom of Messiah to bless the world; and it will be as prophesied: "The desire of all nations shall come."

Our text pictures that coming "time of trouble" as a great "storm," which will entirely remove, or change the "earth," the present construction of society, and carry the "mountains," the kingdoms of this present time, into the sea of anarchy. God's people will to some extent be associated with all of these troubles; but they are not to fear, they are to realize that God is at the helm.

"Jesus Gave Them Leave."

In the heading we have connected this study with the demons, because the Scriptures intimate that the demons will have considerable to do with stirring up the great "time of trouble" and discontent with which this Age will close and Messiah's Kingdom be established.

On the other side of the Lake, as they landed, a man came running toward them. He was obsessed—that is to say, demons, the fallen angels mentioned by St. Jude (Jude 6) and St. Peter (II Peter ii, 4), had gained access, and were in control of him. It was these that recognized Jesus and spoke through the man's lips.

The Bible's explanation of how some angels fell from their original perfection and harmony with God, and of why they seek to gain control of humanity and commune with them through mediums, and personate the dead, we have not the space to present in this study; but as there are many today more or less under the influence of demonism—spiritism—we will send further information upon postcard request.

A great storm of trouble to end this age.

Jesus gave the demons the privilege they requested. The swine, like the man, were crazed by the strange outside influence which took possession of their brains. They ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. Meantime, the man, released from his obsession, was again in his right mind, and praised God for his deliverance.

Those familiar with such matters claim that probably one-half of all the inmates of our insane asylums are persons obsessed by evil spirits, demons, without any organic disease of the brain. And alas! we see evidences on every hand that these evil spirits are paving the way for a great onslaught upon humanity.

Under the title of Psychic Phenomena spiritism is being examined by some of the prominent professors of our day. They, like other spiritists, are deceived in supposing that the manifestations which come to them are from their dead human friends. The Bible alone makes the matter perfectly clear. It assures us that the dead have no power to communicate, and that all such communications come from the demons, who do not dare to tell who they are, for if they did, humanity would be on guard against them.

LOST—A gold bracelet at Rockbridge or Willisburg decoration or on the pike between Jerome Colvins and Santford Yocums. Initials M. Y., Mattie Yocum. Return to Santford Yocum, Willisburg, Ky. or this office.

Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough.

PUBLIC SALE

50 HEAD RICHLY BRED DUROC JERSEY SOWS 50

MONDAY, AUGUST 19

THE BEST BLOOD IN THE COUNTRY

Sale held under cover. Some of the Sows are bred to my fine Boar Defender. This is the best lot of Durocs ever offered at auction

Write for Catalog

E. S. MAYES Jr.

POLLITICAL OUTLOOK

As Viewed by a Writer in The Youths Companion

The political campaign in which the country is now engaged is merely the latest battle between those who wish to make haste slowly and those who desire immediate reforms.

The campaing is interesting to the student of political history, because it marks a complete change in the characteristics of the two great parties. The Republican party was organized as a protest against an industrial system that disregarded human rights. The original Republicans were radical and progressive, and demanded that slavery be abolished at ofice. The Democrats were conservative.

When this specific battle for human rights had been won, radicalism lost its first impulsive force; with the passing of the years and with continuance in power, the Republican party has become the party of conservatism. There are of course, radical Republicans, but they are not happy in their historical allegiance. The conservative wing nominated its candidate at Chicago and adopted the platform of those who believe in making haste slowly.

The triumph of the radical wing of the Democratic party at Baltimore, was the fourth in sixteen years. As far back as 1896 the growth of radicalism in the Democracy had made such progress that the nomination of Mr. Bryan on a free silver platform was the logical outcome. The conservatives bolted, and nominated a candidate of their own, as the radical wing of the Republican party in the same campaign bolted, although it made no nominations, when the party convention named a conservative candidate. The free silver issue of 1898 was another form of the plea for human rights; a kind of radical resentment against the "money power" intended to "place the man above the dollar." The radicalism of the Democracy persisted in 1900 when Mr. Bryan was again nominated. In 1904 the old-time Democratic conservatives seized the reins and nominated a gold-standard man, but radicalism triumphed a third time in 1908, and once more made Mr. Bryan the party candidate. The Democratic party now declares that it represents an organized protest against the abuses of commercialism that has disregarded the rights of the individual in the race for wealth. The system is the joint product of the development of a new country and of tariff duties levied to protect those who were doing the developing.

The Republican party, which has been in power during the greater part of this industrial expansion, and has assisted in the expansion, is naturally anxious to preserve what it has won; but it resents the charge that it is any less interested in human rights than it was when it fought against slavery; it declares that it believes in working through evolution rather revolution.

The Roosevelt bolt from the Chicago convention remains to be considered. If history always repeated itself in details, the bolt might mark the beginning of a new party; but history learns its lesson only well enough to repeat the broad outlines of it. It is, therefore, impossible to say what place the new progressive Republican organization will take. There are some who think that many progressive Republicans will vote for the Democratic candidate, and that many conservative Democrats will vote for the Republican ticket: and that there will be nothing more than a realignment of the voters in the old parties, according as they represent conservatism or radicalism.—Youths Companion.

What Makes a Woman?

One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of bone and muscle don't make a woman. Its a good foundation. Put into it health and strength and she may rule a kingdom. But that's just what Electric Bitters give her. Thousadds bless them for overcoming fainting and dizzy spells and for dispelling weakness, nervousness, backacke and tired, listless, worn out feeling. "Electric Bitters have done me a world of good," writes Eliza Pool, Depew, Okla., "and I thank you with all my heart for making such a good medicine." Only 50c. Guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson.

The Doctor's Patients

The handsome estate of Rose Hill, one of the finest in Connecticut, long without a tenant, was sold at last. A gentleman, with an invalid wife and a pretty daughter, purchased and took possession of it. They seemed very pleasant people, but slow in making acquaintances.

Young Doctor Everson always admired the place, when he passed it in his rides; but, of course, he would not venture to call without an invitation. However, one day, accident gave him the desired opportunity. As he was riding by, the front door opened, and Miss Bennett came tripping down the steps.

"Please stop a moment!" she called out. "Are you not a doctor?" she said.

"I am. Can I be of service?" he said, with his most professional air.

"Yes, indeed!" was the quick answer. "My mother is very ill, and papa not here. As we are strangers, I did not know whom to go to, so I ventured to stop you."

"Perfectly right," said the doctor. "I am at your disposal immediately."

"Mamma," said the girl, bending tenderly over her, "the doctor is here."

"Oh, well, he can't do me any good," was the fretful answer.

Doctor Everson stepped up and laid his hand upon the invalid's wrist, saying cheerfully: "Suppose we try, anyway. What have you been taking?"

Mrs. Bennett gave a list. The doctor laughed.

"As you are alive after all that," he said, "there's hope yet! Now, can you tell me your bad feelings?"

The lady went over all her symptoms, and the doctor said, in that cheery tone which always brings new life into a sick-room: "That is better than I hoped. You can almost cure yourself, madam, if you will follow a few of the simplest directions."

"What are they?" asked the daughter eagerly.

"Only to dispense with all medicine, unless some light thing for her nerves; eat plenty of nourishing food; throw these windows all open."

Doctor Everson left some simple powders, and, at the daughter's request, promised to call again the next day.

"Papa will be here, and I wish you to see him. Here are our cards," said Miss Bennett, as she showed the doctor downstairs.

The doctor bowed and gave her in return his own card, upon which, after he was gone, she read the name "Frank Everson, M. D."

To effect a cure, of course, the doctor called frequently. And if, in so doing, he became more interested in the nurse than in the patient, nobody was the wiser.

Sometimes, to relieve the tedious hours of duty, he took the fair nurse out to drive, and in those pleasant hours they grew very well acquainted.

Mrs. Bennett had been for two months under the doctor's care, and was so greatly improved that Nellie sometimes left her, to take a ramble by herself in the pleasant fields and woods near Rose Hill. One afternoon, having strayed down a road which was new to her, she came to an old mill, the ruins of which were grass-worn and rotten. But Nellie supposed they would bear her light weight, and, ... walked out on the old timbers, which overhung the stream, and stood flinging pebbles into the water, to watch the ripples they made.

She did not notice the wavering of the timbers until, just as she turned to go back, crash! went the log on which she stood, and down went Nellie into the stream. As she went down, she gave a frantic clutch and succeeded in grasping a cross-timber, which held her suspended, with her shoulders just out of the water.

Nellie knew that the stream was deep, and she could not swim. She shrieked and shrieked for help.

An instant, and a cheerful shout rang answering back: "Hold hard! I'm coming!"

Poor Nellie knew the voice, and strove to turn her head. She saw Doctor Everson leap from his buggy and fling off his coat as he ran for the creek. A moment more, and he had dashed into the stream, and his strong arms held her firmly.

Nellie, with a great feeling of security, lay passive on his broad breast until a few bold strokes carried them to the shore.

"I should have come sooner if I had known you needed me," said he.

As he spoke, he hurriedly picked up his coat, fastened it over her shoulders, put her, all dripping and shivering, into his vehicle, and drove like the wind.

As they started, she said: "Doctor, I can't thank you. But you seem to be near whenever I want help."

He turned to her with a great light in his face, and for one instant his arm clasped her as he said, fervently: "My darling, I would ask nothing better of life than to be near you always!"

Then he took his arm away, but gently, and not a word more was said during the short drive. But, as he carried her into the house, he said:

"I have said too much not to say more. May I say it when you are yourself again?"

"Yes," whispered Nellie. And, before long, Nellie Bennett was the doctor's bride.

Conditions in Japan.

That the old customs of Japan are passing away and the empire is rapidly becoming civilized and, more slowly, Christianized, is not borne out by the fact, for the dark side of Japan is turned aside by those who visit there. A writer in the Missionary Intelligencer of Cincinnati, long a resident in Fukushima, says: "Idolatry still prevails. The tenacity with which they cling to the family gods in some homes supposed to be Christian shows that idolatrous customs have a strong hold on them. Here in Japan the divorce rate is three times as high as in America, and then not all the separations are counted. The people are woefully addicted to the use of liquor and tobacco. All the grocery stores keep the stuff. All the cars are smokers. When we ride in the train we are stifled by the tobacco smoke. A lot of women smoke as well as the men. There is much drunkenness. Japan also heads the list of nations in regard to the number of suicides."

SUMMER DISHES.

Something new, odd or unusual always appeals to the cook, as her ingenuity is constantly strained to keep good things and variety at the same time.

Cabbage and Cherry Salad.—Take two cups of chopped white cabbage, toss it together with the salad dressing, made by cooking together equal parts of egg yolk and vinegar; add seasoning to taste of salt and sugar and just before serving time add a drained cup of cherries.

Date Tapioca.—Make a custard of a quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one beaten egg. Cook two tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca in the milk until thick, then stir in the egg and sugar. When cold add a cupful of chopped dates.

Chicken Pie.—Put all the pieces of chicken into a quart granite sauce pan, add all the gravy and enough water to fill the pan two-thirds full. Make a rich biscuit dough and drop small biscuits to cover the chicken. See that the dish is boiling hot before adding the biscuits. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

Wedding Cake.—One cupful each of sugar, butter and molasses, a cup of jelly or strawberry preserves, one cup of buttermilk, half a cup of strong coffee, two eggs, a grated nutmeg, two teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in half a cup of boiling water, two pounds of raisins, one pound of chopped candied fruit, lemon, orange peel and citron, six cups of flour measured before sifting. Mix the fruit with the flour, bake one hour in a slow oven. This will make three or four good sized cakes. Keep three months at least before using; wrap in waxed paper and keep in a stone jar.

Health Day.

If Christmas, Thanksgiving and 56 Sundays be set apart for religious and moral instruction and rest; if February 12 and 22, May 30 and July 4 be given to patriotic utterances and commemorating great citizenship, and if the first Monday in September be designated for considering the labor cause, why not a "health day"—why not a day given entirely to spreading information and to focusing thought upon such an important element in both happiness and efficiency as public health? So thought Dr. Ellen A. Wallace, state superintendent of the department of health and heredity of the New Hampshire Woman's Temperance union, who initiated a "health day" movement in New Hampshire; so thought Gov. Robert P. Bass, who gave his official approval.

The health day plan met with quick and favorable response. Besides the general co-operation of local temperance unions throughout the state, the Red Cross, American Medical association educational committee, the Grange, state board of health, the public schools, the churches and the newspaper press worked for its success.—The Survey.

Young America.

"You may be president some day, my boy," said the patronizing old gentleman.

"Great Scott!" replied the sadly flippant youth; "you're not trying to pick dark horses that far ahead, are you?"

TELLS OF AUDIENCE

Pen Picture of Pope Pius X. Shows His Kindly Nature.

Little Girl at Vatican Who Feared Pontiff's Admiration of Her Bambino, a Replica of the Infant Christ.

Rome.—A delightful picture of Pope Pius X., illustrating his proffoundly genial nature and exhibiting his love of childhood, is given by John Savile Judd in an account of an audience with the pope, one of those gatherings to which large contingents of the faithful are admitted. Among those waiting in the audience chamber was a little girl of perhaps six years old; she stood next to her mother, who held on a metal dish a figure of the infant Jesus, wrapped around as the Italian peasantry wrap their children today.

"The effect of it," said Mr. Judd, "was rather as if a doll had been stuffed into a white satin embroidered pincushion and a cardboard halo added. But the care that had been taken, the reverence in the care to produce a bambino worthy of a blessing, was beyond all reproach and abundantly evident, since the big eyes of the little girl were constantly raised to the dish, and now and then a little hand reached up to touch it as if to make sure that it was still there.

"Suddenly a chamberlain made a sign for all to kneel and Pius X. entered, followed by a clerical chamberlain in a purple cassock. He walked slowly along the side of the room on my right and the eight people in the row that he would come to last were motioned to stand.

"I scarcely saw his face at first; he walked as an old man would walk, his head bowed. He is seventy-seven years old. Straight, soft and nearly white hair came an inch over the collar of his waste cassock. He gave such person his hand; each kissed his ring. He stroked the curly head of a boy in a sailor suit.

"When he walked down the row opposite I still could not see his countenance, for the kneeling figures were facing me and he bent to each of them ministering.

"Then he turned to the row at right angles to me and came to the woman holding the metal tray with the bambino in her hand. He touched the poor embroidery work as if in admiration. He asked a question, evidently 'Who helped to work it?' for he stooped to the little girl and petted her on the cheek.

"Then he took up the bambino and asked another question. The mother got red and made an expression of acquiescence. But 'No, no,' came from the little girl. He had surely asked 'Is this a present that you have brought for me?' At the child's 'No, no,' he turned round and threw back his head and laughed.

"What a humorous laugh! I never knew that a man could laugh so sweetly. He looked old no more. He has teeth set far apart, 'lucky' teeth. And his eyes have the kindly wrinkles about them and love of children in them. There, too, was the understanding that found ready answer in the great eyes of the child.

"She smiled back at him; it was a joke about taking her bambino; she had known it all the time; she could trust that face, now grown so calm and grave as he bent down to her that she might kiss his ring.

"Then the pontiff passed to the two rooms beyond for a few minutes and came back to us. He noticed specially as he passed a girl of fourteen, and he stopped and spoke to her, as if to make up for having made no exception before.

"The audience was over. We rose to our feet. I looked back along the corridor which led to the private apartments, the dining room for the food that costs him but five francs a day, the bedroom with the camp bed, and I caught a last sight of him. He was talking to a chamberlain covered with orders and decorations; he was telling ... a little story. I saw him shake his head and put out his hand. He was mimicking the little girl saying, 'No, no,' and I saw his gentle, whimsical smile again."

DIES BY OWN BURGLAR TRAP

Memphis Grocer Fatally Wounded by Shotgun Set Near Window for an Intruder.

Memphis, Tenn.—A burglar trap set by Ray S. Brooks caused the death of Brooks in his grocery store in the outskirts of town. His body was found on the floor when his wife went to the store to find out why he had not gone to supper. A shotgun arranged to discharge in the direction of a window, should an effort be made to raise the window, was empty, its load having entered Brooks' body. It is supposed that he stepped on the string "trigger" in passing between the gun and the window.

FOR SALE

Come and see this farm. Will sell privately

230 ACRES

on the Willisburg and Chaplin turnpike, 100 acres on one side and 130 on other side of pike, Good dwelling house and tobacco barns, timber on both tracts, 35 acres in woods, good orchard and all improvements necessary. Will sell as a whole or in seperate tracts. No part of the county grows higher grade tobacco and all this land is rich and ready to be cultivated.

S. B. YOCUM.

MISS McELROY MODEST.

Winner of Varsity Honor Desires to Be "Just Ordinary Girl."

When Miss Margaret B. McElroy, only child of Mr. and and Mrs Lee I. McElroy, Fifth street and Highland avenue, who recently was presented with the Rhodes-Clay scholarship offered by Missouri university, was questioned concerning her ambitions, she disclamed having any. And this too in the face of the fact that the high grade of her work, when a pupil of Central high school, from which she was graduated in 1910, brought her a scholarship in Chicago university, of which because of ill health she was unable to take advantage.

"I like to do my school work well, principally because it pleases papa and mamma so," says the demure little scholar. "For myself, I want to be just an ordinary girl and have parties go to theaters and have a good time. Mamma wants me to study to teach English, but I don't know whether I will or not, I just want to have a good time and enjoy myself."

In the letter announcing the awarding of the Rhodes Clay scholarship to Miss McElroy, President A. Ross Hill of the university complimented the young woman's work highly. The scholarship was established by Green Clay of Mexico, Mo., in memory of his son, and only the members of the freshman class are eligible for the honor. The condition is that the winner must spend the following year at the Missouri university.

Following her graduation with high honors from Central high school, Miss McElroy took a post-graduate course there. Her elementary schooling was received at Woodland school. Miss McElroy is also the Y. W. C. A. secretary at Columbia and was the only freshman last year to be intiated into the Delta Gamma sorority. She is but 19 years old.—Kansas City Journal.

Miss McElroy is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McElroy and is well known here where she has frequently visited

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Horticulture and Gardening

The peach crop of Carroll county, Tenn., is much better than the ordinary. Also good crop of apples.

While at some points the acreage of sweet potatoes in the South is less and the crop is late the outlook generally is very good.

An unusually good crop of Rocky Ford cantaloupes is expected. The acreage is less but the yield much greater per acre than last year.

The Indiana cantaloupe crop is greatly improved. The fruit is large and quality good. The watermelon crop also has better prospects than a few weeks ago.

The outlook for fruit was encouraging in a considerable part of the country in May and there has been no discouraging news since except in those sections where rains destroyed the blossoms.

The Oklahoma peach crop should commence to move this week. The Oklahoma peaches are said to be of fine quality this season. The crop, according to best information, is free from all pests and diseases and is coming along in fine shape.—Farmers' Home Journal.

The Choice Of A Husband

is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these killhopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complection, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25c at Haydon & Robertson.

Graded School Taxes are now due and all persons are notified to call at once on the undersigned and save penalty.

G. C. WHARTON,
Treasurer

THE NEWS LEADER

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES R. NOE JOSEPH POLIN
Editors and Publishere

Secretary of Agriculture Newman says that he will arrange to have Farmer's Institutes this year only in counties in which a request is made that such Institute be held. He says that it is a useless waste of the States' money to send experts to the various counties to hold Institutes. when, as he says sometimes only two persons attend, We heartily agree with our Secretary, and believe that he will have the indorsement of the majority of the people of the State, regardless of party differences in the course he has taken. It is manifest that Farmers Institutes in Washington county have been a pronounced farce. It is true that they could be the means of accomplishing much good and would aid in improving Agricultural conditions when properly conducted. It is also true that they have not been as well conducted in the past as they might have been and in no particular is this more true than in the fact that experts from other States have been sent through Kentucky. We think that this is a mistake, because agricultural conditions that would suit the State of Illinois, would be a flat failure in Kentucky. We believe that the best experts to have are those who have made a success in some line of Agriculture in Kentucky. Farmers Institutes as conducted in the past have been a failure because they have had no attractive features. Money expended on them is a failure, and something which more appeals to the public must be substituted in their stead. The agricultural train which our worthy Secretary run through the State las Spring was the best means we have yet seen for the dissemination of Agricultural knowledge and we believe that something along that line is the best means that can be adopted. It seems to us that a capital plan would be to have an agricultural exhibit by the State at each county fair. Something along the line of the agricultural train could be conducted by three or four expert lecturers, with exhibits to demonstrate their talks, together with samples of the best machinery and a place could be provided for them at each fair. The agricultural school would be attended at the Fair and would also be an attractive feature of it, at any rate it would have the Farmers Institutes skinned a buck.

Willisburg.

Miss Ella Mae Cheatham; of Louisville, is the guest of her cousins, Misses Pearl and Myrtie Cheatham.

Miss Anna Foster has returned home after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Ballard Settles at Hillsboro.

Mr. Dan McIlvoy, of Springfield, spent last Friday at this place.

Miss Ona Bryant, of Louisville, is the week end guest of her uncle, Bee Poulter and family.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble, too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Home of Swamp-Root.

Little Miss Kathleen Miller, of Springfield visited relatives here last Friday and Saturday.

We have the pleasure of having Mr. Morris Cheatham in our midst. We trust he will locate in our village. Morris has lived here a long time and after living in several different places we believe he will finally say "Old Kentucky is good enough for me

Miss Lou Bailey has as her guest Mrs. Jim Poole and little daughter, of Louisville.

Miss Bertha Baker is visiting her sister, Mrs Dan McIlvoy of your town.

Mrs. John Kays has been on the sick list but is improving at this writing.

Mr Harry Turner and wife of Mackville, and John Turner and wife spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Hughes

Miss Mae Belle Keeling is her vacation with her parents, She will resume her duties again the first of September. She has a position in Louisville.

Mail Carriers Will Fly.

This is a age of great discoveries. Progress rides on the air. Soon we may see Uncle Sam's mail carriers flying in all directions, transporting mail. People take a wonderful interest in a discovery that benefits them. That's why Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds and other throat and lung diseases is the most popular medicine in America. "It cured me of a dreadful caugh," writes Mrs. J. F. Davis, Stickney Corner, Me., "after doctor's treatment and all other remedies had failed." Excellent for coughs colds or any bronchial affection. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at Haydon & Robertson.

Valley Hill

As we have not forgot the dear old News-Leader we will try to jot down a few items,

Mr. Bert Smith and wife, of Loretto, spent Saturday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fielder Smith of Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Raney spent a pleasant visit with friends near Lebanon Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Edelen and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. J B. Hill and family.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mr. W. T. Newton, who died in Louisville Sunday and was buried Tuesday at Lebanon. He was a son of Mrs. Joe Newton, of Cecilville.

Mr. Joe B. Carrico and little grandson, Ruben, spent a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Smith recently

We are needing rain very bad in this vicinity at present.

Miss Nora Smith has returned home from Springfield where she has been nursing Miss Della Smith who has been on the sick list for some time.

Miss Lucy Blandford is visiting in Daviss county this week

For-get-me-not.

Insect Bite Costs Leg

A Boston man lost his leg from the bite of an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from stings and bites of insects use Bucklen's Arnica Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent inflammation, swelling and pain. Heals burns, boils, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25 cents at Haydon & Robertson.

The "Bull Moose" convention of the 4th Congressional District of Ky. met at Elizabethtown, Ky., August 1st, 1912 for the purpose of electing delegates and alternates to the National Convention at Chicago; also a member of State Central Committee, Electors and to recommend a candidate for Congress. About 90 delegates were present all the counties in the district being represented except Bullitt.

The convention was more enthusiastic and harmonious than any convention the Republicans have had for a long time. Judge G. W. Stone, of Grayson county, was made Chairman and J. McWilliams, of Washington county, Secretary. There were no contests from any county and among other resolutions the Moose Head was favored as the party emblem. J. K. Es[illegible], of Breckenridge county and W. S. Kingsley, of LaRue county, were elected delegates to the Chicago National Convention and Woodson Lewis and J. W. Meyers alternates. Hon W. F. Neikirk was elected member of the State Central Committee and E. R. Basset, of Leitchfield, Ky. was recommended as candidate for Congress. Reports from the various counties showed that at least 90 per cent of all the Republican voters of the district are for Theodore Roosevelt for President.

J. McWilliams, Sec'y

WAS SAVED BY THE DOCTORS

Victim of Robbers Recovered Because the Physicians Didn't Probe for the Bullets.

The expert medical witness had just descended from the stand when a recess was announced in the criminal court and so he paused for a few moments to chat with Judge Ralph S. Latshaw, who dearly delights in twitting the medicos.

"Whenever I see a doctor on the stand," related the judge, "I am forcibly reminded of an experience when I was an assistant prosecuting attorney many years ago.

"A storekeeper on East Ninth street was shot by robbers when he refused to open his cash drawer. Four bullets found him as their mark and when officers arrived on the scene he was lying on the floor, dead to all outward appearances. Doctors, who had hurried to the store, took a look at him, shook their heads and went away. Not one of them offered to probe for the bullets.

"And do you know," smiled the judge to the doctor, "that [illegible] what saved him. The storekeeper recovered and is in business to this very day. He still carries the bullets, one of them in his head. Now what would have happened to him, doctor, if they had probed for the bullets?"

But by this time the expert was gone.—Kansas City Journal.

Our Annual August
CLEARANCE SALE
CUT PRICES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT
FOR NEXT 30 DAYS

Clothing

Everything in our Mens and Boy's Clothing Department must go regardless of price, including blue serges, greys, tans, browns and new Herther Blues

Hart, Schaffner & Marx $25 and $30 suits $15
" " " $18 and $20 suits $12

Wellworth Brand $15 Suits for $12
" " 12.50 Suits for $7.50

Every color and style in Boys Knickerbocker Knee Pants Suits going at the following prices,
$10.00 Suits at $6.00 $8.00 Suits at $5.00
5.00 Suits at 3.50 4.00 Suits at 2.00

Dress Goods

One lot mercerized Silks worth up to 50c for 20c
One lot White goods worth up to 50c for 15c
Muslins worth up to 15c for 10c
Ginghams worth 12½c and 15c for 10c
36 inch Percales for 7½c
36 inch Mesaline Silks 95c
27 inch Mesaline Silks at 75c

Prices Specially Cut on Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Crashes

Straw Hats

Straw Hats in Sailors and Panamas at the following prices:
$3.50 grade at $2.50 · $3.00 grade at $2.00
2.50 grade at $1.50 $2.00 grade at $1.00

Ladies Oxfords, Pumps and White Buckskin Shoes, now going at a special price. Be sure and look at these before buying.

Deep Cut Prices in Carpets, Rugs, Mattings,

Extra Super Ingrain Carpets 70c
Extra Super C C Ingrain Carpet 50c
Union Ingrain Carpets 40c
1000 Yards Mattings 12 1-2 to 30c
9-12 ft Axminister Rugs worth $25.00 for $20.00
9-12 ft Axminister Rugs worth $22.50 for $19.00
9 12 ft Velvet Rugs worth $22.00 for $18.50

9 12 ft Velvet Rugs worth 20.00 for 16.50
9 12 ft Velvet Rugs worth 17.50 for 12.50
9 12 Tapestry Rugs worth 22.00 for 17.50
9-12 Tapestry Rugs worth 16.50 for 13.50
9-12 Tapestry Rugs worth 12.50 for 10.00
9 12 Angora Rugs worth 10.00 for 8.00
9 12 Crex Rugs worth 8.50 for 7.

SHOES

250 pair of W. L. Douglas and Beacon Low Cut Shoes in the $3.50 grade now go for $2.50 including tan, gun metal and pat leather. Don't fail to come and see these shoes. Also a full line of Florsheim low cuts. We have also a large line of boys and girls school shoes that we are selling regardless of price

25 per cent off Fine Lace Curtains Wall Paper at Almost Half Price

Men's Gum Tobacco Suits and Gum Hats in all Sizes

Have just received a beautiful line of Men's Fine Shirts in all the new colors and styles, with a beautiful line of wash Neckwear to match every pattern

Cunningham, Duncan & Co.,

IN BASEBALL AS IN LIFE

Senator Gardner's Words of Hope Might Well Be Applied to Either of the Games.

Senator Obadiah Gardner, the man from Maine with the Mark Hanna features, gets more enjoyment out of a ball game than a chauffeur does out of scaring pedestrians. A short time ago, in the absence of a league game in Washington, Senator Gardner paused on his way to the senate to watch a bunch of boys playing on the Capitol grounds.

One little chap had just muffed a pop fly that, if safely handled, would have retired the other side. He had to stand for many shouts of derision and deprecating epithets, and was greatly cast down.

Senator Gardner called him over to him.

"Do you know," said the senator, "I can remember, as if it were only last week, a game I played in, at center field, when I was about your age, and how sore everybody got at me because I kept muffing balls, always at the worst possible time. In the last inning I came to the bat with two runs against us and knocked a three-bagger that put us one ahead. And all the boys that had been making fun of my fielding were the first to [illegible] me to their [illegible] and carry me off [illegible] in a blaze of glory. So you can see how little sense there'd be in being cast down over a poor play, or swelled up over a good play, when people are so quickly swayed by a streak of luck. If I were you I wouldn't care a continental what they said about me. You may lam out a home run the next time up."

And the boy seemed properly en-

L. & N. TIME TABLE

	South Bound			North Bound		
	No. 41 Daily Ex. Sun	No. 43 Daily Ex Sun	No. 51 Sun only	No. 42 Daily Ex. Sun	No. 44 Daily Ex Sun	No. 50 Sun Only
Louisville	4.30 pm	7.25 am	6.10 pm	8.20 am	[illegible] pm	9.30 am
Bardstown Jct.	5.22 "	8.20 "	[illegible]	7.30 "	[illegible]	8.10 "
Bardstown	6.06 "	10.25 "	7.46 "	6.45 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
Springfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	8.35 "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Ar.	Ar.	Ar.	Lve	Lve	Lve

BE SURE TO TRY THESE.

This is a delicious drink, which may be kept over for a year and is much better to give as a tonic than a fermented fruit juice.

Raspberry Shrub.—For every cupful of juice add a half cup of cider vinegar and two cups of sugar. Boil and skim, and when thick bottle. When serving, allow a fourth of a cup of the shrub to three fourths of a cup of cold water, unless the shrub is thin.

Cherry Conserve.—To a pound of raisins add two pounds of cherries, three oranges, juice and rind, and four pounds of sugar. Chop the fruit, add the sugar and cook for a half hour. Seal in glasses while hot.

Salad Dressing for Fruit.—A half cup of orange juice, a fourth of a cup of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of butter cooked with two of flour, and a half cup of sugar. Cook until smooth and the flour is well cooked.

Mushroom Catsup.—Wipe, but do not wet, fresh mushrooms. Put in layers in a stone dish, cover with salt and press a plate with a weight over them. Let stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours, then mash and strain them through a sieve. To every quart of the liquor add an ounce of pepper corns and boil for half an hour. Then add a fourth of an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of sliced ginger root, a dozen whole cloves and three blades of mace; cook fifteen minutes. Cool and strain again and put into small bottles. Dip the corks in melted wax.

Beet Relish.—A quart of cabbage, a quart of cooked beets, chopped, two cups of sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful of cayenne and a cup of grated horseradish, enough vinegar to mix well, and put into cans cold.

Canned Corn.—To nine cups of corn add a cup of sugar and half a cup of salt and one cup of water. Put into sterilized cans, seal tight. Freshen when using.

FAVORITE DISHES.

The homely, old-fashioned boiled dinner is not much spoken of these days, and yet it has many staunch supporters all over our land. The drawback with a boiled dinner for a family of two is that there is so much left over. This is extremely nice for hash, but once served in that way is sufficient. A small boiled dinner may be prepared, but even then there is a large amount of left-overs. A good plan for the lovers of the old-fashioned dish is to gather together those who enjoy it and have a feast. A head of cabbage or two, a few potatoes, turnips and carrots all boiled together with a good thick piece of well-flavored salt pork.

Corned beef is liked by many instead of the salt pork. A small bag of cranberry beans that have been soaked over night, in a cotton bag, and added are another vegetable well liked. They may be heaped at one end of the platter or served in a separate dish.

Fruit Dessert.—Whip a pint of cream with the white of one egg; this [illegible] to dish, [illegible] cream to [illegible] add a half cup of ground nuts, twelve figs and six dates, chopped. Mix and pack into a mold and cover with ice and salt. Let stand four hours. This will serve six to eight people.

A delicious little accessory to serve with an ice or any frozen dish is made by rolling pie crust about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it in strips six inches long, roll until round, lay in a pan and bake. Dip them into boiled frosting and, when dry, again into melted chocolate. They may be rolled while moist in chopped nuts or in cocoa instead of the chocolate.

While strawberries are in season there is no more delicious ice cream than that flavored with the fresh fruit. A box of berries, crushed and strained, added to a plain mixture of ice cream is sufficient for flavor and color. A tablespoonful of lemon juice added brings out the flavor of the berries as well as making the color more intense.

All fruit flavors are best added after the cream is partly frozen.

HELPFUL HINTS.

When canning strawberries one may have the delicious red berry keep its color and flavor if carefully put up as follows: Fill the cans with the fresh fruit. Have ready a rich sirup of sugar and water and any broken berries to give it color. Fill the cans with the boiling sirup and then put in a boiler of boiling hot water deep enough to cover at least four inches over the top. Cover with a rug or [illegible] and let stand twenty-four hours or longer, when they are removed, wiped dry and put away for winter use. Putting the cans into the boiling water is easily done with a long handled skimmer; set the can on it and steady it as it goes under the water.

The nice part of this canning method is that the fruit may all be put into jars ready, and when the boiler and sirup is ready a few minutes will finish the work, which is finished by the hot water. Fruit a year old that was canned by this method cannot be told from the fresh cooked berry.

One may sit out in a cool garden or porch and get a dozen cans of berries ready for the next morning's canning.

If you want a delicious dish of baked beans use less pork, and an hour before they are to be served add a cup of rich thick sweet cream to the pot.

A delicious sandwich for the porch supper or picnic lunch is made of cream cheese, a little cream and chopped green pepper spread between buttered bread.

Cleaning Fluid.—This is a fluid one need not fear to use on the most delicate fabric: Shave thinly a ten-cent bar of white castile soap and add a quart of boiling water. When cold add a half pint of ammonia, a pint of water; mix and cork tightly. Use on spots or stains with equal parts of water unless badly soiled, using a piece of cloth like the goods with which to apply it. This will clean anything from furniture and rugs to delicate dresses.

PUBLIC SALE
--OF--
Land and Personal Property

At the late residence of Daniel Tichenor, deceased, two miles south of Fairfield on the Plum Run pike we will sell to the highest and best bidder on

Wednesday, August 21, 1912,

The following land: First tract 155 acres, including residence and outbuildings, and second tract about 75 acres on East side of pike. Both tracts are in a high state of cultivation. Each tract will first be sold separately and then as a whole the bid or bids accepted which bring the most money.

PERSONAL PROPERTY

At the same time and place we will sell one roan filly, two bay geldings 2 years old; 3-year old bay gelding; 3 mares and mule colts; two bay mares, two yearling mules, 1 work mule, 28 ewes and 9 lambs, 1 Jersey sow, 1 Jersey cow and calf; four heifers; 12 steers, Jack and Jennet; 12 shoats, two sows. Farming implements of all kinds, household and kitchen furniture and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—Ten dollars and under cash. Over $10 on personal property four months without interest. On land one-third cash, balance one and two years, equal payments.

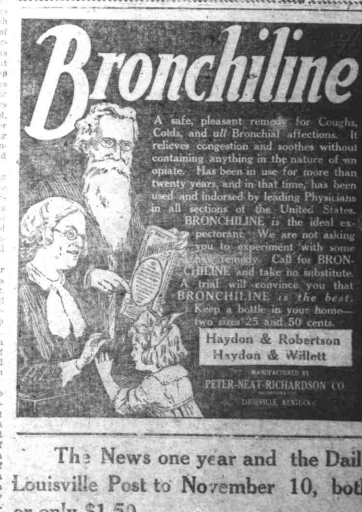
For further particulars address

C. M. & J. S. TICHENOR,
Administrators of Daniel Tichenor
R F D No. 1, Bloomfield, Ky

B. D. LAKE & CO.,
----DEALERS IN----
COAL. GRAIN & FEED

We give 80 lbs of Coal to the bushel and load all wagons with coal fork. Loaded in this way you GET NO SLACK You can not use slack in a stove or grate. So why buy it. Be sure to have your coal forked and save money by doing so.

B. D. LAKE & CO.



The News one year and the Daily Louisville Post to November 10, both for only $1.50

DR G. T. BURTON

RESIDENT DENTIST.

All Work Guaranteed

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Office—Hagan Block, up stairs

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

DR. J C MUDD

Physician and Surgeon

Office hours 8 to 9 a.m.,
1 to 2 p.m.,
Offices over Haydon's Drugstor

W. F. GRIGSBY

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office over People's Bank,

SPRINGFIELD KY.

D. M. W. HYATT

Office over Red Cross Drug Store. Office hours: Hyatt 10:30 a.m., to 12 m. 4 to 5 p.m.

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Depositions a Specialty

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DAY 19, NIGHT 74

SPRINGFIELD KY

DR. W. F. TRUSTY

PRACTICAL

DENTIST

Office over Haydon & Barber

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

STRAWBERRIES.

Doubtless God could have made a better berry; but doubtless God never did.

When the berries are plentiful, a dish of fresh fruit is most acceptable as a dessert or a salad. When the berries must serve a number, the following combination is well liked: Cut into quarters a few marshmallows, a few strawberries and a banana or two, cover with the dressing and allow to stand an hour to season. The dressing to be used for this kind of a salad is better if rather sweet. Equal parts of egg yolk and vinegar cooked together, then seasoned with any desired condiments and sugar and whipped cream added to taste makes a most desirable salad dressing, which may be kept indefinitely, adding the seasonings just before using. If there are several whites of eggs and a few yolks to use in the dressing, whip the whites before adding to the dressing.

If a green dressing is desired for color, chop a little parsley until very fine, put it in a bowl and rub it with the back of a spoon until reduced to a paste. A drop or two of alcohol will help in making it smooth. Add to the dressing.

A very delicious dessert may be prepared by serving angel food that has been baked in a sheet, then cut in squares and strawberries and whipped cream heaped on each.

Strawberry Fritters.—A dish that is not only attractive to the eye as well as the palate, are the fritters, using an ordinary fritter batter and cutting the berries in half, add to the batter and drop into hot fat by teaspoonfuls. Roll the fritters in powdered sugar, arrange on a paper dolly and garnish the plate with whole fresh berries.

For a first course at a breakfast or luncheon, strawberries washed and served unhulled, surrounding a mound of powdered sugar, all arranged on a dolly covered plate, makes a very pretty way of serving the fruit. To mold the sugar, press into a small glass or egg cup then carefully remove.

SPURNING DARE; SHE WEDS

Girl Is Won by a Youth Who Collected Her Fare—Leave Ball and Get Knot Tied.

Winsted, Conn.—On a dare, her friends say, Miss May Emma Corbat, who lives with her widowed mother on South Main street, became the bride of Jesse T. Rose of Torrington at midnight recently. Both are in the early twenties and popular in their respective towns.

On attaining his majority recently Mr. Rose came into possession of about $50,000, left him by his grandfather. He owns two automobiles. Before he was twenty-one he worked as a conductor on the trolley line between Torrington and Winsted, and often collected fares from Miss Corbat.

Miss Corbat went to Torrington the other evening and with Mr. Rose attended the annual ball of Company M, Second regiment, C. N. G., in the armory. In an intermission Dan Cupid prompted Mr. Rose to pop the question. Daring her, as friends assert, to go and get married, Miss Corbat, not to be dared, left the armory with Mr. Rose. Rev. Albert Todd, pastor of Calvary Baptist church, was routed out of bed at midnight and he tied the knot, after which Mr. and Mrs. Rose returned to the dance.

TOWN.. Local Happenings of Interes The Freshest and Latest. All About Yourself, Friends and Acquaintances. ..TOPICS

Ice Cream Freezers and Water Coolers at Barber & Pettus.

New Felt Hats in white and colors. Mrs. Williams.

The old tried and tested Perfection Coal Oil Stoves at Barber & Pettus.

Mr. Geo. Mullican purchased of Mr. Harry Shader his house and lot on Doctor street.

FOR SALE—Wagon and set of double harness.
T. P. O'Bryan.

Remember we have everything new in summer felts.
Mrs. Williams.

FOR RENT—Two rooms over Shader & Mullican's store and 4 rooms over P. J. Thomas'.
L. A. BURNS.

Dont fail to see "The Lady Athlete" and "The Little Cripple" at the Walnut Street Theatre tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Dupuy Woodson are rejoicing over the arrival of twins, a son and daughter. Mrs Woodson was Miss Ellen Gregory before her marriage.

Strayed on my farm near Fenwick one white sow weighing about 250 pounds. Owner may have same by paying for this advertisement and for pasturage.
Shelton Jeffries.

LOST—On streets of Springfield ladies black leather purse containing $24 and some small change. Finder will return same to this office or the undersigned and receive liberal reward.
Miss Bessie Campbell.

The Ministers of Springfield met July 29th in the council room of Springfield State Bank and organized a Minister's Association with R. E. C. Lawson chairman and W. A. Wolfe Secretary. Meeting first Monday in each month at 9:30 a.m.

A revival will begin at Willisburg Christian church on Monday night August 12. The Minister, W. V. Wilkinson will be assisted by W. A. Wolfe, of Springfield. All are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The ladies of Springfield Baptist church invite the ladies of the other Baptist churches of Central Association to meet with them at their church in Springfield for an all-day missionary meeting on August 15, 1912.

DR. V. MANNING

DENTIST

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Offices over McElroy & Shader's grocery. Phone 234-R

Hours 8 to 12 — 1 to 4

High class moving pictures at the Walnut Street Theatre every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights. Also illustrated songs and music.

The famous "Old Inn" near Perryville which served as a hospital for wounded soldiers following the battle of Perryville is being torn down.

Women had the right to vote in the school elections last Saturday, but so far as we have heard few if any of them availed themselves of the privilege in this county.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the McCrain Hotel at Bloomfield and John Aubrey a traveling salesman for the Owensboro Spice and Tea Company lost his life in the flames. Mr. Aubrey was well known here having traveled through here for several years.

Mr. Wm. T. Newton died at his home in Louisville Sunday and was buried was at Lebanon Tuesday. Mr. Newton was a son of the late Alfred Newton and was well known here where he formerly lived. He was a brother of Messrs. Joe, Clem and Leslie Newton of this county.

At any time during the month of August we will fill your coal house with Jellico Block coal at 16 cents and give 80 lbs to the bushel. 15 cents on track.
W. K. Marks & Sons.

Primary Election.

The State Primary Election was held in the County last Saturday and stands in a class by itself for being a quiet election.

The Hon. Ben Johnson had no opposition for the Democratic nomination and polled 207 votes in the county. On the Republican ballot, however appeared the names of J. P. Whittinghill of Glendean, and John C. Thompson, of this county. Whittinghill got 32 votes and Thompson 82.

The Fair

The catalogues for the Washington County Fair are now out and show some splendid premiums for the various rings. The number of rings for the first day have been considerably lessened and it would be well for persons contemplating exhibiting things on that day to first look over the catalogue to see whether or not a premium is offered. The premiums have been materially increased on mules and jack stock so that it makes it worth while for any person having a good animal to prepare it for the Fair.

On the grounds will be many attractions for both old and young. The Washington county Fair has for several years past taken a first rank among the County fairs of the State. The crowds are always good, and this was true last year notwithstanding the fact that it rained most of the time during the Fair.

Orkies--O'Bryan

Mr. Thomas W. O'Bryan and Miss Della Orkies were married at St. Rose Wednesday by Rev. Father McGonagle. The attendants were Mr. Robert Riney and Miss Mattie Orkies. The groom is a son of Mrs. Fanny O'Bryan and the late Watt O'Bryan. He is a young farmer and is well liked by all who know him, while the bride who is a daughter of Mr. Robert Orkies is a handsome young lady with a large circle of friends.

Yankey-Edgington

Mr. Dee Edgington and Miss Yankey were quietly married at the residence of Rev. R. E. C. Lawson last Sunday morning. The wedding came as a surprise as only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties knew that the wedding was to take place. The groom is a son of Mrs. Tom Baker, and is a hustling young farmer, while his bride is a beautiful and attractive young lady.

Charley

Mr. Robert Charley died at his home near Cross Roads last Friday of dropsy. He was born in Indiana in 1840 and had been living in this county for about 30 years. Mr Charley had been in ill health for several years. He was a union soldier and served with credit through the Civil War. Since his residence here he had followed the occupation of farming. He was a good quiet citizen, highly respected by all who knew him. Funeral services were conducted at Willisburg last Sunday by the Rev. Wolfe, and W. H. Hays post G. A. R. of Willisburg. He is survived by his wife and three children.

Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough

PERSONAL

Miss Emma Heidlinger, of Louisville, will be with Miss Susie Muratta at the Selecman home for a month.

Dr. J. N. Shaunty, of Louisville, is the guest of his mother and sister here.

Mrs. Felix Hamilton, of Lebanon, is the guest of friends here

Mrs W. V. Stallard, of Louisville, is visiting her sisters here.

Mr Will Dorsey and wife, of Louisville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs F. W. Baumbauer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Grigsby left Monday for an Eastern trip. They will go to Washington City, Old Point Comfort, Buffalo Niagara Falls and other points.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson Chambers and Mrs. Carothers, of Bardstown, visited Mrs. Chris Hertlein Wednesday.

Mr. Casper Kuhn was here Tuesday. He will leave in a short time for a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Joe Johnson, of Louisville, is the guest of her father, J. B Hill.

Miss Margaret Spalding has returned from a trip to Owensboro

Mrs. A. M. Hayes, of Louisville, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs. W. H. Leachman.

Miss Louise Haydon has returned from a visit to Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. A. L Jenkins, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Duncan.

Mr. B. D Lake is in Winston-Salem, N. C.

Miss Margaret Carrico is visiting friends in Louisville.

Dr. Chas. A. Edelen and family were in town Sunday.

Miss Alethaire Simms is still on the sick list.

Mr. J. J. McCabe and daughter, Elizabeth, are in Louisville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B Noe have returned from visit to relatives at Mortons Gap.

Mrs. G. B. Cunningham spent a few days in Louisville this week.

Mr. G. B. Cunningham left Monday on business trip to Oklahoma and Texas.

Mr. R. L. Bush, who has been taking a special course at Bowling Green, is at home.

Mrs. Ben F. Simms is ill at her home near town.

Miss Jennie Logsdon has returned from New Haven.

Miss Elizabeth Brown has returned to Bloomfield after a visit to the family of L. M. Gregory.

Mrs Fanny Blandford has returned from a visit to Miss Lula Timmons at Lebanon.

Miss McWilliams, of Louisville, has returned home after a few weeks visit to Mrs. Katie Williams.

Mr. C. W. Hagan, of Lebanon, was in town Tuesday on business.

Mrs Pett and son, Joseph, of Fairfield, were in town Sunday.

Mr. Frank Willett is at French Lick Springs this week.

Mr. Donald Campbell and sister, Wanda, are visiting their uncle, Mr Arthur Campbell, at Chicago, Ill.

Mrs Tom B Spalding and children have returned to their home in Bardstown after a visit to her parents.

Mr. Robert Matson and Miss Elizabeth Spalding, of Lebanon, were in town Monday.

Mr. L. B Cain, Misses Mayme and Katie Cain, Misses Bertha Haydon and Lillie Simms motored to Fairfield Sunday.

Mr. G. D. Duncan was in Louisville Friday.

Mrs J. L. Barber and Miss Louise Hamilton are at French Lick Springs.

Misses Abbie and Anna Kimball were in Louisville Friday.

Miss Margaret Edelen is spending a few days in Louisville.

The Robertson-Claybrooke Co.,

Will have on display Men's Suitings and Overcoatings Friday and Saturday

August 9 and 10,

This is Strouse Bros., line of Baltimore, Md. They will be prepared to take your measure for a Fall Suit or Evercoat

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

All Summer Goods Must Go.

REDUCTIONS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Remnants, Odds and Ends Have Accumulated in each Department and you can buy them at

Your Own Price

Lot of boys Long Pant Suits 16 to 19 yrs size, $2.98 and $3.98
Lot of small sizes in Men's Suits for $3.50 the suit
(These suits originally sold for $10 and $15 Suit)
One lot Men's Hats Half Price
$3 and $4 low cut shoes $1 and $2 per pair
Lot Ladies Skirts at half price
Ladies Shirts Waists at Reduced Prices
Ladies Muslin Underwear at Reduced Prices
Two Ladies Coat Suits for 2.98 and 3.98, formally sold for 16.50
12 1-2 and 15c Lawns go for 10c a yard
Woolen Dress Goods and Silks at bargain Prices

Reduced Prices on Cotton and Shirtings

Reductions in Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Linoleums, Wall Paper, Lace Curtains and Draperies. Call and be convinced that you can buy cheaper here than elsewhere.

No Goods Charged at Reduced Prices

THE ROBERTSON CLAY ROOKE CO.,

INCORPORATD

BUY YOUR COAL NOW AND SAVE MONEY

Beginning August 1st, 1912, we will fill Your Coal House with High Grade TENNESSEE COAL at

15c per Bushel on Car or 16c delivered
80 lbs to the bushel

McCLURE & MAYES

THE COAL DEALERS

PUBLIC SALE

OF

Covington Park Lots

SATURDAY, AUG. 17th

SEVEN of the MOST BEAUTIFUL LOTS in all SPRINGFIELD

Will be sold to the highest bidder on the above date, beginning promptly at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Three of these lots are situated on Main street, near Graded School, and four of them on Covington Ave., between Main and High streets.

Now is your chance to buy Choice Lots, and it may be your last chance to buy a first-class one right in town, as good building lots are getting scarce in Springfield.

Streets, Sidewalks and Terraces are Already Made.

Fine Lot of Shade Trees and Some Fruit Trees are Ready for You---you know it takes a long time to grow trees.

Each one of these Lots are ready to build on, nothing to do but buy the lot and put your house up, which can be sold at a good profit any time. There are not enough homes in Springfield to supply the demand at present, and the town is growing rapidly. We have one of the best tobacco markets in the state, one of the best Graded Schools in the State, the best water, light and ice plant of any town in the country of its size. Churches of every denomination, good stores, etc. TERMS OF SALE:---One-third Cash, balaoce in one and two years.

For further information apply to

W. K. ROBERTSON,

or S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

Notice

All persons who made purchases at my sale are hereby notified that my books are in the hands of Jas. C. McElroy and they will please go to him at the First National Bank and settle.
W. D. CLAYBROOKE.

The Coughs of Children

They may not cough today, but what about tomorrow? Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. This cough medicine is especially good for children. No anodynes. No alcohol.

Many a child is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, will do such children a great deal of good. Ask him.
Made by the J. C. AYER Co., Lowell, Mass.

Reliabland Comprehensive Telephone Service

Is necessary to conduct successfully a business enterprise. The Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company gives you a universal service, that is, local connections with all citizens in your town, and Long Distonce connections to all outside important cities and towns. You get exactly what you pay for. Call our Manager for further information. "The demand is not for cheap telephone service, but for reliable and comprehensive telephone service."

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
(Incorporated)

J. F. DANEEHOLD Pres. and Treas	J. F. DANNEHOLD, Jr. Vice-President	GEO TWYMAN Secretary

Main Street Tobacco Warehouse Co.

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The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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Illustrations by Y. I. Barnes

"That's easy," said the Inspector. "You can explain that you were driving over there and as you came by you saw the body lying on the road. You can explain that he must have fallen over the cliff in the dark. By the time they get through talking about it and having an inquest over in Millvale we will have had a chance to finish any more investigating we want to do. You can start about dawn."

"All right," said the constable, "but what will I do with them warrants?"

"Leave them with me. After you have disposed of Rouser's body you can stop on your way back and we'll take this one in with us. Come on outside, Dodds, and you, too, Crandall, I want to ask you some questions about our friend over there. You, Kent, stay here with Miss Farrish."

The three of them went out, leaving Louise and me alone together, a circumstance that I couldn't think Davis had planned, realizing that there was much we would say to each other. Hardly were they out of the door before Louise turned to me, with supplicant arms, and cried out, with a sob in her voice: "Harding, forgive me for having deceived you."

"It is you," I cried, "you, who must forgive me for having disobeyed your wish, for having come out here after you had asked me not to, for having almost put a bullet through your dear heart."

"You didn't know—you couldn't know that I was here," she sobbed. "But how can you ever pardon the lies I told you?"

"Lies," I protested. "Dear girl, you never lied to me. Whatever these dear lips have said, I know, I always knew your heart was true."

"Katharine asked it and I had to promise her."

"You mean about Hugh Crandall."

"Yes," she breathed. "I don't know yet what it is that is between them. It's something about—about my father. Crandall knew it and Katharine found it out. Whatever it is, they determined to keep it secret between them. Katharine made me promise that I would not tell no one, not even you. She swore me not to reveal to anyone that I had even seen Hugh Crandall. I had to promise her, you understand, don't you?"

My answer was a kiss full on her lips, while my arms went about her and held her tight to me.

"Of course, dear girl," I breathed, "I understand. I understood all the while."

"I was so afraid," she murmured, "afraid you would think I was deceiving you, that I didn't love you."

As our lips met in a long, sweet kiss, a wave of joy swept over me that all but obliterated thoughts of the dreadful yellow letter. I forgot for the moment the drug-sodden creature lying in the corner, not twenty feet away from us. I knew but one thing, that she loved me. What mattered anything in the rhapsody that only those who have loved can understand, we held each other in close embrace in a delightful silence—it may have been for one minute—it may have been for ten or twenty. Time for either of us had lost its power. We were the world, just we ourselves.

The spell was broken by a slight twitching of the man across the room. We came to ourselves with a start as from a dream. I went over to my prey and looked at him. He was still dead to all around him.

"You understand, Harding, dear, don't you?" said Louise, as I resumed my place beside her, "why I asked you to drop your search? As soon as Katharine became conscious and told her that you were on the trail of the yellow letter, she became greatly excited. She insisted that I should make you withdraw at once. She was determined to know all about what you had done, and I told her of your being here in Ardway. She, weak and ill as she was, must not wait 24 hours for a reply, call you by telephone. She wanted me to telephone to Hugh Crandall, too. You know how to reach him. I had to promise her everything she asked."

"Of course you did," I said. "But, dear, I loved you so that I could not rest while this terrible mystery hung over your dear ones was unsolved. I felt that it was my duty to disregard your wish. I realized that you were being compelled by some influence you could not withstand to act as you did. You are not angry with me, are you, dearest?"

"Of course I'm not," she said with a wan smile, patting my hand gently.

"But tell me," I asked, "what of Hugh Crandall? What is his connection with this dreadful mystery?"

"I don't know," she answered thoughtfully.

"I have thought all along that he had something to do with it, and I saw just now that he admitted knowing this man here whom the Inspector insists is at the root of everything."

"Katharine trusts him, yet I know my father for some reason forbade him the house."

"I'm sure he is guilty," I cried. "Katharine's eyes have been blinded by love to his real character."

"I think you must be mistaken," said Louise. "He knows about the existence of a paper that gave some man a strange hold on my father. Katharine knew of it, too. He may have told her. She insisted on my accompanying him out here to try to help recover it."

"Didn't he tell you about it on the way out?"

"No. I asked him what it was. He told me that too many people knew its contents now. The more I think about it the more perplexed I am about the mysterious manner in which both he and Katharine acted about this document."

"Tell me everything," I insisted, all my suspicion against Crandall returning anew.

"To begin with, he insisted on our leaving the chauffeur in Newark, though it had been my intention to have him come with us. Crandall would not hear of it. 'Katharine put you in my charge,' he said, 'and it is her wish as well as my own that we take every precaution for secrecy. It is better that only you and I go on this mission. We want no servant gossiping about this matter.' But where are we going, and why?' I asked him. 'Surely I have a right to know that.' 'We are going to try to recover from the hands of the wickedest blackguard on earth a certain document that has come into his possession. It is a question whether or not we shall succeed. If we do, I shall put this document in your hands and you must promise me that it shall not go out of your possession until you have placed it in your sister's hands. You must promise me, too, that you will ask no questions about it and that you will not read it. When Katharine has seen it, do with it whatever she tells you. She probably will say that you are to burn it without reading.'

"Can't you see, Harding, what a dilemma I was in? I felt that what Mr. Crandall asked me to do was Katharine's wish. They had talked over it for nearly half an hour just before you came to the house. I had to promise what he asked, though I protested first. It seemed to me that carrying back the document to Katharine would excite her and retard her recovery, and I told him so."

"'The sight of that document safe in her own hands will do more to cure her speedily than all the doctors in the world,' he answered."

"Did he mean the yellow letter?" I queried.

"'I don't know. I asked him if that was what he meant and he would not answer me. The only thing he did tell me was that there had been strange developments in the case since he had undertaken to get this paper for Katharine. They seemed to puzzle him greatly. He said that something with which he had nothing to do had alarmed the man we were going to see and that he had disappeared, gone into hiding.'

"'How my will we find him?' I asked.

"'He is as anxious to see me as he is not to see some one else,' Crandall told me. 'He wrote me plain directions how to reach a place he calls the deserted cottage, and made an appointment there for nine o'clock tonight.'"

As I listened to Louise's story I did not know what to think about Crandall's part in the affair. It seemed to me that he had been acting in Katharine's behalf, though this did not explain his acquaintance and intimacy with the man he had called Alec Young.

"Why," I asked Louise, "do you suppose that he and Katharine insisted on you coming out here? Why could not Crandall himself have recovered the document and restored it to Katharine?"

"I asked him that. He told me that the man who held it had made the condition that it should be received by either my father or Katharine. They were the only ones he could trust, he said, what had happened, and as they were certain this man knew neither Katharine nor me, I was to go with him and impersonate my sister."

"Did you get the document?"

"No, we failed," said Louise, "and I do not know what in the world I am to tell Katharine. We came out here in the afternoon. Crandall thought it advisable to find the place by daylight. We ran the automobile up the lane that leads to this place and over through the thicket until we came in sight of the cottage. There were two men moving about in the cottage. Young and another man whom Mr. Crandall told me was the postmaster at Ardway. He seemed surprised at the presence of the postmaster. We watched for half an hour and then took the automobile back to a little hotel about three miles away from Ardway. For some reason, Mr. Crandall did not want to go into Ardway."

"I guess I was the reason," I replied. "But when did you return here?"

"We had dinner at the little hotel, and as soon as it was dark, started back for the cottage. When we arrived we found a light in the window and saw Young there in a stupor just as you see him. The other man was nowhere around. After trying to awaken Young, without success, Mr. Crandall searched his clothes, but there was nothing in any of his pockets. He even felt all the seams, and took off his shoes in search of the paper we wanted, but it was nowhere on him. He ransacked the cottage as well as was possible in this dim light, but could not find any suggestion of a hiding-place. The little shed that serves as a kitchen he found a slip on which was written a list of eatables—bread, milk, eggs and such things. We decided from this that the other man—Rouser, I think Mr. Crandall had said his name was—had gone to some neighboring farm-house or store to lay in supplies and probably would soon return. Mr. Crandall suggested our hiding in the bushes until his arrival, and we did so. We had hardly taken our place behind the bushes before we heard him coming. Mr. Crandall stepped out, and the rest is so mixed up I don't know just what happened. I heard shots and felt a pain in my arm and I think I screamed and then I don't remember any more until I found you bending over me."

"To think that it was my bullet that hit you!" I cried. "I might have killed you."

"It's only the lightest sort of scratch," she protested. "It doesn't even hurt any more. It does not hurt a bit more than it does to know how to tell Katharine that we failed in our mission."

"Tell her," said I, "that one of the conspirators is dead and that the other is safe in the hands of Inspector Davis and myself. Tell her that any document either of us finds that in any way relates to her father will be placed in her hands at once. Tell her that I will not leave the prisoner's side until I have it safe and that my honor is pledged both for Davis and myself that no word affecting her father will ever become public. Crandall is out there now talking with Davis, and I think you will find that he, too, will tell her the same thing."

As if in corroboration of my words, the three of them, Crandall, Davis and the constable, returned just at this moment.

"Come, Miss Farrish," said Crandall.

"I think it time I was starting home with you, if you feel able to travel. I have run the car up just outside the cottage. I think we can safely leave the completion of our mission to the inspector and Mr. Kent."

"I wish Mr. Kent was coming back with us," said Louise in a sweetly plaintive tone that made me long to gratify her wish.

"I need him here," said the inspector almost roughly.

"And that comes first for all of us," she said bravely, as I helped her to the car.

I watched the automobile out of sight and then turned back into the cottage, where I found the constable stretched on the floor, already fast asleep. Davis, sitting on the floor before some smoldering logs that had been placed in a rudely-constructed open fireplace, seemed wrapped in thought and did not even look up when I entered.

Nevertheless, I seated myself on the floor beside him, and placing my hand on his shoulder, I said once more: "And now I want to know all about it."

"Shut up," he said, savagely shaking off my hand. "Can't you see I want to think?"

Rebuffed and amazed by his rudeness, I sprang to my feet, only to get a new surprise. The man was as serene as his others had been rude, he said: "If I were you, Harding, I'd follow the constable's example and try to get some sleep. You and I have a hard day ahead of us tomorrow."

Seeing that he was in no mood to be questioned, I smothered back the many things I wanted to ask him and stretched myself on the floor, not to sleep, but to ponder. As I reviewed the amazing events of today, of yesterday, of the day before, it seemed as if ages and ages—grim, mystifying, terrifying ages—had passed since that hour when I left my office light-hearted to call on Louise Farrish.

And the morning—the inspector had said—was to bring a hard day for both of us.

What new terror could tomorrow hold?

CHAPTER XIV.

The Inspector Explains.

Thump, thump, thump!

I had not thought a number possible for me, and yet I must have slept. My bewildered senses, dazed by a sudden recall to activity, took subconscious cognizance of a persistent pounding and eventually succeeded in stirring me to attention. I suddenly sat up and looked about me. I found myself in the deserted cottage, a drug slave still motionless on his couch and the logs still smoldering in the fireplace.

Thump, thump—I quickly saw where it came from. Davis was standing over the sleeping form of Dodds, the constable, engaged in the work of awakening him by the park policeman's method—kicking him on the soles of his shoes.

The process was successful. The constable snorted, drew up his legs, rubbed his eyes and sprang to his feet.

"It will be daylight in half an hour," I heard Davis tell him. "I want you to go and get the buckboard and drive around to where Rouser's body lies. Bring me any papers you find in his pockets. Leave his money and his watch and keys, so as not to arouse any suspicion of robbery. As soon as you have done that I want you to drive back and pick up the body before anyone else finds it. Drive with it to Millerville and leave it there. Don't talk too much. Tell everybody that you found the body at the foot of the precipice and inquired on them that it must have been an accident in the dark. As soon as you can conveniently get away, come back here. Make sure, though, that nobody follows you."

Nevertheless, I Seated Myself on the Floor Beside Him

As soon as the constable had gone, Davis lit a cigarette, turned up his coat collar and took a seat on a rough bench just outside the door.

"Come on out here, Harding, and watch the sun rise," he called to me.

I rose hastily from where I had been sitting gazing stupidly about me and joined him on the bench.

"There was something you wanted to ask me, wasn't there?" he said pleasantly.

There were so many things I wanted to ask him I hardly knew where to begin, but the first thing uppermost was:

"Is Hugh Crandall guilty?"

"He is guilty only of trying in love with Katharine Farrish against her father's wishes," he replied.

"But surely," I said eagerly, "he has some connection with the crime of the yellow letters. He knew Young. He knew where to find him. There are many things about his actions that to my mind call for explanation."

"Did you notice his eyes?" asked Davis. It was still too dark for me to see the inspector's face, but I felt sure that he was laughing at me. He made me feel that way at too often.

"I didn't," I answered, rather crossly, "but what's that got to do with it?"

"I'm afraid, Kent, as I have said before, you will never make a good detective. You are entirely too unobservant of important details. Do you recall my asking early in our investigation whether or not Crandall had blue eyes?"

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted, "I recall it."

"As soon as I discovered that Crandall had blue eyes the eliminated him as the probable criminal."

"I don't see your logic."

"I've told you before," said Davis, after a pause long enough to permit him to light another cigarette, "that there are classes of crime and types of criminals, each strongly marked after its own sort. I saw right at the start that this crime was of the blackest sort, of the kind that includes conspiracy, blackmail, secret plotting—the kind that requires a skillful sneak. You never in your life found a blue-eyed sneak. There are lots of blue-eyed desperadoes and burglars. Most of the notorious bad men of the west were blue-eyed, but you don't find a man with blue eyes sneaking or stabbing a man in the back or kidnapping a child or writing blackmailing letters."

While I was not at all convinced by his argument, I felt that it would be useless for me to dispute it, for I would be invading comparatively unknown territory, whereas he undoubtedly had dozens of cases at his fingertips ready to illustrate his theory. I decided to change the subject.

"I recall, too," I said, "that you asked if Crandall was left-handed. So far as I saw, he is not. What of that? Is that another proof of Crandall's innocence?"

"No," said Davis, "that didn't prove Crandall's innocence. It proved Rouser's guilt. In fact, it was the left-handed clue that put me on the right track and eventually led me to fix the very cottage."

"For Heaven's sake," said I impatiently, "don't talk in riddles. Go on and explain it."

"You're not to blame," he continued calmly, "for not having seen the left-handed clue. You lack the education. Only a person who has seen hundreds and hundreds of envelopes and had studied them closely would have observed it. You remember that a photograph of the envelope in the yellow envelope that had been found in old Andrew Elser's room. On it was a stamp and part of the postmark. The drawing showed that it was a Ardway stamp, and it was crooked. This might mean much or nothing. A left-handed person stamping a letter in a hurry would place the stamp on crooked if ordinarily is put in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. A right-handed person stamping a letter has two chances of the envelope as a guide. Try putting on a stamp with your left hand and you will see that your hand comes in such a position that the edges of the envelope are hidden and in nine cases out of a hundred the stamp is out of kilter. Now in the other hand, as a post-office inspector, I am always on the lookout in a business house or office where there is a large correspondence, an office boy making hundreds of letters at a time, is apt to get most of the stamps on crooked. If this yellow letter was one that had been mailed in a business office, the crooked stamp meant nothing. If, on the other hand, it had been mailed singly or with a few others, it was pretty safe betting that the man who mailed it was left-handed. It was easy after I came to Ardway, especially as Rouser was already missing and every one was talking about him, to learn that he was left handed."

"I still fail to see," said stubbornly, "why you did not suspect Crandall. These were many things that seemed to point to him—his telephoning to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his rooms, the Ardway address in his notebook, coupled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact, that I was too well-grounded—too sane, if I might put it that way, I quickly learned that he was a reputable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this sort. You might find an insane man conducting a successful business and getting away with it, but it is highly improbable that he could succeed in not betraying his mental condition to his club-fellows or his women friends. On the other hand, a man might be sane enough in society, but you would find the vagaries of his brain manifesting themselves in business. As soon as I convinced myself that Crandall was sane and well-balanced, I felt that all possibility of his being the criminal was eliminated."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are insane?"

"Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the community has made for itself lies the only hope of a happy, regular life.

"The unbalanced few, the unsanity product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are unable to comprehend this. They become the rebels against authority, the slaves of alcohol and narcotics, like that poor devil in there. They can not help themselves. It's the fault of their parents, it's the shape of their heads, it's the diseased condition of their nerves. It's our duty to stop the same care in breeding the human race that we would in breeding horses or dogs."

"Oh, bosh," said I. "I ask you how you account for the hypodermic syringe in Crandall's rooms and I get a sermon."

"Lawyer though you are," retorted Davis, "I'm afraid that you are weak in logic. Having decided that Crandall had no criminal connection with the case, what then? I set up the theory that his connection was exactly the same as your own. You were in love with Louise and were determined to remove the hidden danger that was threatening her father. He was in love with Katharine and was trying to do the same thing. In fact, he had several weeks the start of you. Every one of his actions which you regarded as so suspicious and damnatory was perfectly explicable on this theory."

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted as I hastily reviewed them in my mind, "I suppose they could all be explained in that way."

"The question then came to me," continued Davis, "how could Crandall have known of the hidden danger that threatened General Farrish? It was highly improbable that the general would confide a thing of this sort, either to his daughter or to her fiance. He must have come on it in some other way. I jumped that when I revealed his knowledge to the general, the latter in fear that his daughter might learn what he had been trying to keep from her, in rage ordered Crandall from the house.

"The only logical way for Crandall to be restored to favor was for him to clear up the mystery that was menacing the general. As he had been at work on it for some time, I felt sure that in his rooms we would find a clue to the nature of the persons we were seeking. I was confident, too, that affairs were approaching a crisis. Crandall apparently had taken Katharine into his confidence. It looked as if some plan they might have made had failed and that this failure had driven Katharine to despair. When the box in Ardway came, which, the left-handed stamp as evidence and with Crandall's movements to watch, I felt certain that we could quickly solve the whole mystery.

"But how about the morphine syringe?" I asked again.

"I hardly gave it a second thought. For all I knew, it may have come there by accident, yet Crandall quickly explained its presence in the talk that I have just had with him. He sent this clue, Young, there in his room for two weeks, trying to worm out of him the secret with which Young had been trying to blackmail the old governor, but as Davis finished his work he began to talk incoherently.

"The shaking up I gave him in fast driving, I said Davis, "will bring him to. He will wake up in a few minutes and then I'll find out every thing I want to know. I'll make him talk."

"What are you going to do," I gasped, "torture him?"

"No," said the inspector grimly, as he rose and dragged a stool over near the couch and placed on it a hypodermic syringe he had found in the cabin, and with it a morphine preparation.

He gaged the distance with his eye, and moved the stool so that while it would be in plain sight of the shackled man when he awoke, it would be utterly impossible for him to reach it.

"No," he said, "I'm not going to torture him. His drug-racked nerves will do it for me."

CHAPTER XV.

The Torture.

Hell is a place of unsatisfied desires, and in its lowest depths are those, who, writhing in the agony of their unsatisfied desires, cry for their beloved morphine and shriek in vain.

Many times in my life I have seen the souls of men, and women, too, put to hard and bitter tests.

Once I saw a motorman whose car [illegible] a lovely child. Around him pressed a howling, angry mob, led by the baby's father, who would have had his life. With bold daring, he stood on his platform as on a throne, with his controller bar for his only weapon, and defied them all. Yet, even as he stood there outwardly so bold, I saw in his eyes a misery as great as man could bear and live. For days and months I doubt not that his slightest dreams brought him contrast horror-pictures of the child he had killed.

Once, too, I had to be the bearer of the news to a woman that the step on a frame of steel sent him plunging down eighteen stories to death. In the foul tenement where I told my news I saw a tired, gaunt woman walk the floor and scream and moan, three frightened little children clinging to her skirts.

Once, in my practice in the courts, I have seen men in dreadful misery—a ruffian bold and defiant despite the blood-guilt on his soul, face to face with the world courageously until the jury's foreman said the word that brought the death-chair's horror to his heart and crumpled him weeping to the floor. I have seen men of good repute sentenced for shameful crimes with their saddened families looking on as they burned with grief and shame that their sins had found them out.

Yet all the concepts that my brain had formed of the utmost in pain and shame and misery faded into insignificance before the things I saw in that rude cottage in the Jersey hills where for two long days Davis and myself kept watch on the fettered master criminal—waiting, waiting, waiting till his drug-tortured [illegible] show him all the secret of his yellow letters.

Shackled hand and foot though he had found himself when he came out of his stupor, his self-control was at first wonderful. For a few minutes after Davis had fastened his bonds he lay there quiet and motionless, then suddenly opened his eyes—piercing, devilish, uncanny black eyes they were—and tried to sit up.

The rope through the manacles behind him stopped him short, and threw him back on his couch. At the same time he caught sight of Davis and me and with a wonderful self-control he forced his eyes each other, neither of them saying a word. Stealthily Young shifted, first his hands and then his feet as if to test the security of his bonds. Finding himself securely fastened, he let his eyes rove around the room, and discovered me. He studied my face sharply, as if to read my mission, but quickly turned his gaze to Davis again, as if recognizing in him his master captor.

Then he laughed—a hideous, chilling, defiant laugh, that ended in an unhealthy gurgle in his throat.

"Well?" he asked inquiringly.

I looked for Davis to seize on this propitious moment, when Young, just aroused from drug-slumber, would be weak and nervous, to ply him with questions about the things we wished to know, but the inspector was too much a master of his craft for that. As if he had not heard his prisoner's question, he sat there staring fixedly at the man before him.

(To be continued.)

"Lies," I Protested. "Dear Girl, You Never Lied to Me."

Mrs. Scott.

TWENTY YEARS.

Makes a good difference in most women. They are troubled with "nerves"—they suffer from backache, headache, sleeplessness, a sensation of irritability or twitching, hot flashes, dizzy spells, or many other symptoms of female weakness. The local disorder and inflammation should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and the irregularity and weakness of the female system corrected and strengthened with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The strain upon the young woman of the woman of middle age—upon the nerve and blood forming structures—may be too great for her strength. This is the time to take this restorative tonic and strength-giving nervine and regulator. For over forty years sold by druggists for woman's peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. *The one remedy* so perfect in composition and so *good*, in curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. *The one remedy* which absolutely contains neither alcohol nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

Following letter selected at random from a large number of similar ones and cited merely to illustrate these remarks:

"In the winter of 1902, I became greatly run down and freeing," writes Miss Henry Scott, of Swan Creek, Mich., Route 1, Box 48. "I slowly but surely grew worse, and, at last, resolved to apply to the doctors for help. The doctor said I had inflammation, enlargement and ulceration. I was in bed eleven weeks and got no better. The doctor said I would have to have an operation, but to that I would not listen. My husband purchased two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I started to take this remedy I could not walk across the floor, but after I had taken three bottles I could feel myself gaining, so I dropped the doctor and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Only for it I think I would have been dead—I really believe it saved my life. I feel better now than in twenty years."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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"Cardui has surely helped me and built me up and I am so thankful that I have found something that will do me good. I feel so much stronger and better than I have in a long time."

It is well to make up your mind before you are sick what medicine you will take when you are sick.

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J 47

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You will be glad to take it when you are tired, miserable and when life seems a weary grind. It will put new thoughts into your head, fresh courage into your mind. Do not sick now, at least burn Cardui on to the pages of your memory, so that when you are sick you will ask for it without thinking.

If sick or weak, get a bottle today. At all druggists.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., *for Special Instructions*, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

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